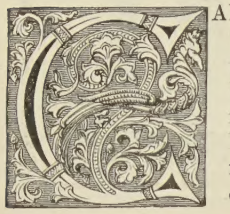
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II. — NO. 14. BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1887. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

THE RED DANGER-SIGNAL THAT STOPPED THE EXPRESS-TRAIN.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.



CAN you not see him? There he stands, out in the country road crossed by the railway, waving a flag of warning, while he looks and listens for the morning express. It is close at hand. Hear it! — that growing roar down through the shadowy woods beyond the station!

"I almost overslept myself. That won't do!" said Johnny Graham, as he kept on waving his flag.

Yes, Johnny had that morning had a narrow escape from failure to be at the post of duty. There was a picture of his Grandpa which had a place day and night on the pine bureau in Johnny's chamber, which served as his clock. When the light fell strong enough upon it to bring out into distinct outline those beloved features, Johnny knew it was time to be up. "There 's Grandpa!" Johnny would say. "I can see him now. Time to be up!"

Out of bed he sprang that morning, only to hear the whistle of the express-train three miles away at a lonely crossing. Johnny never dressed himself quicker than he did that morning. He gave one minute to his trousers, quarter of a minute to his vest, and thrusting his feet into his shoes did not stop to secure them, but gripping an old flag ran out into the road, bareheaded and buttoning up his vest. The station was Johnny's home, and he did not have far to run in those untied shoes.

"Here she comes!" said Johnny, standing out in the road and waving his flag as a signal to any approaching team. "No matter if I ain't half dressed. It is the express, and they won't have a chance to look at me but a second."

To his surprise and mortification, the express stopped.

"Why, they will all see me," thought Johnny.

Yes; and the engineer shouted from his cab, "Johnny, guess you overslept!"

The brakeman, Bob Billings, called out, "Comb your hair, Johnny!"

The train-hands knew the boy, for he was out every day warning teams to "keep off," — Johnny's father, the station-agent, being a feeble man, and having permission to make use of Johnny as an assistant. It was an humble flag-station, and trains only stopped occasionally. But this morning the famous "morning-express," known as the "Streak of Lightning," condescended to slow up and deposit a passenger. A man about thirty, thus dropped, came up to Johnny, as the train moved off, and asked, "Store round here, Bub? Perhaps you have n't got your eyes open, — you don't look more than half awake, — and can't tell me how it is."

Johnny was mortified still more acutely, but he answered with dignity, "I think I can tell, sir."

"Oh, no offence, no offence, Bub! Please tell me, — that is a good boy. I am thirsty."

Johnny did not like to tell the man, but he did: "A store is just behind those trees, — that grove of maples, — on the right-hand side."

Why Johnny did not like to tell, the man did not know. Johnny knew. Buffin sold intoxicating drinks, and Johnny was a live temperance boy.

"I am afraid he is like one of those folks I sometimes see going into Buffin's early in the morning," thought Johnny.

Buffin kept the store. He was the man who could smile like a June morning at a new customer that had a dime, and roar like a March wind at a poor old one.

"Just get your hat on, Bub, please, and go along with me a few steps. I want to ask you some questions," said the man.

"Ain't you afraid I have n't got my eyes open, and can't tell you what you want to know?"

"Oh, Bub, you are bright as a dollar! Fact is, I have n't seen so bright a boy as you this twelve month. Come along. I'll give you ten cents, you know."

The stranger had a pleasant voice, a coaxing way; and Johnny could not earn ten cents every hour. "There will be no train along for some time," he thought, "and I guess I will go."

Johnny completed his toilette, — an humble one, — and followed the man, who asked him various questions, — about the railroad, who was minister now, who was doctor, and then finally about Johnny's grandpa, "Square Graham," as the people called him.

But they soon came to Buffin's, a shabby building with an unpainted front. An ale-barrel at the door advertised its business. There were a few notices of yeast-powders, spring medicines, and horse liniment attached to the dingy walls.

"Come in a minute, Bub. I want to give you ten cents, you know."

Johnny hated to go inside Buffin's store.

"Here, sir, give me a glass of your stiffest beer," called out the stranger.

"Got suthin stronger," said Buffin, who was now the smiling month of June.

"Well, give it to me. I want to treat this boy. Give the beer to him."

Johnny did not hear this, as the stranger had followed Buffin into a little rear room.

"Here, Bub!" called the man.

Expecting to receive his ten cents, Johnny stepped forward. He was confronted by that glass of beer. When he saw it, he saw something else, — Grandpa's cottage, about a mile away. Johnny loved the kind old man, and would often walk down the railroad embankment to a short foot-path leading to Grandpa's home. Johnny now saw his Grandpa just as he appeared the last time Johnny called. Said Grandpa, rising in his bed, — for he was an invalid, — "Don't you touch liquor of any kind, Johnny. Remember my poor son Peter, off on the sea, but where, I don't know. You never saw him, he has been away so long. Strong drink has been his ruin. Don't touch what intoxicates!"

"I won't, Grandpa," said Johnny, solemnly. "I 'll promise."

"If you are ever tempted, you think of me. You see Grandpa, asking you not to touch it. And — and — " he added, in low, reverent tones, "when you are hard pressed, you ask God to help you."

At Buffin's store, looking away as the man held out the glass of beer, Johnny saw Grandpa, and shook his head.

"What! Don't you want your ten cents, Bub?"

The man held out a dime.

"I can't drink that beer for ten cents," said Johnny.

"Oh, you won't for ten, but you will for a quarter?" said the man, holding out a quarter of a dollar.

"That 's it!" said Buffin, grinning and showing his white teeth. "You know how to fix him. He will for a quarter."

"No, I won't for a quarter," said Johnny, indignantly. He despised the rumseller.

"Won't for a quarter, but will for a half?" said the man, extending a half-dollar.

"That 's it!" said grinning Buffin. "He'll do it for a half, — swaller it all down for that, I know."

Buffin was delighted to see so much money. He knew who would own it all in a very short time.

Johnny now saw Grandpa more plainly than ever. Still more earnestly he cried, "You men ought to be ashamed of yourselves, trying to tempt me to drink liquor. You know what it all leads to. I would n't touch your stuff for all the money in the world!"

Out of the store he rushed.

"The leetle fenatic!" said Buffin.

"Here 's your ten cents!" shouted the man, pitching the dime out into the road.

Johnny, though, would not come back. It was Buffin's avaricious eye that saw where the money rolled, and Buffin's greedy fingers picked it up later in the day.

There was an express train that drove past the station about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boys of the neighborhood, having a name for everything, called it the "Touch-me-if-you-dare" train. It never for fifteen years was known to stop but once. That was to deposit a governor of the State, who came to attend a county fair.

"The 'Touch-me-if-you-dare' will be here soon," thought Johnny, looking at the station clock about five minutes of two. He glanced out of the window. "Hullo! What is that? Somebody lying on the track?"

Yes; just beyond the crossing a man was stretched across the track.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Johnny. "Is he sick? Father and mother have gone to Grandpa's, and can I get that man up?"

Johnny flew to him, gripped him, and said, "Come, come! You must get up! Train is coming!"

The next moment Johnny was saying, "Oh, dear! too bad! He is drunk, and it is that man who was at Buffin's."

The man seemed to have a little consciousness left, for he opened his eyes, muttered something, raised his head which was resting on a rail, and then he fell back again.

"Oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Johnny. "Get up! I — I — I can't lift you!"

Johnny's repeated efforts had some effect. The man stirred again, opened his eyes, and this time half rose, but fell back. Johnny thought of Grandpa, thought of what Grandpa had said about praying, and from Johnny's lips fell the murmur, "Oh, God!" as he agonizingly looked up into the soft blue sky that seemed to look down in pity.

"Oh, there is the train whistling, three miles off!" thought Johnny.

When the wind was right, the whistle could easily be heard. He let go his hold on the man, who still squirmed on the track, rushed to the station, seized the red danger-signal, and ran up the track. "Oh, oh, oh! Here she comes!" said Johnny.

Yes, rattling and booming and crashing along the track, coughing out smoke and steam, came the "Touch-me-if-you-dare;" and there between the rails was a boy, flourishing a red flag.

"Don't know what they 'll say to me for stopping her," thought Johnny. "They can see for themselves."

The huge engine faltered, the engineer gave the whistle "Down brakes," and the train stopped on the crossing.

"What 's the row, Johnny?" called out the engineer. "What are you stopping us for?"

"That man on the track! He 's drunk."

"The booby!" said the fireman. "He has got up now, and is trying to walk off. I'll dose him for making this train so much trouble."

As the engine grumbled and scolded and then started off with the train, the fireman kept his word and emptied a pail of water on the stranger who was staggering just outside the rails and had been the occasion of this halt of the haughty "Touch-me-if-you-dare."

Johnny wanted to follow the stranger as he now staggered down the track, sobered by the water; but he knew no train would be along for two hours to trouble the man, and then several persons at the station wanted to see the agent or "his boy." Somebody reported that they saw the man straying off into a field, and Johnny felt at ease.

The latter part of the day Johnny took the foot-path leading to Grandpa's. The round, red sun was setting when he reached the old man's house.

"Who is that?" asked Johnny, halting in an entry outside Grandpa's room. "I have heard that voice somewhere, but it is not Grandpa's."

Somebody was sitting beside Grandpa's bed, — a man with bowed head; and he was the person whose voice Johnny had heard. He looked up and stared at Johnny.

"This is Johnny, one of the grandchildren, you know," said Grandpa.

"Why, he is the boy — oh, what a wretch I am! But — but, God helping me, I will begin a new life!" and the speaker covered his face with his hands.

It was the man whom Johnny had saved that day. The drunkard had seen God's danger-signal, and wanted to heed it.

"Your Uncle Peter, Johnny," said Grandpa.

"His poor old uncle," sobbed the man.

"Going to be a new uncle," said Johnny, stepping up to him with outstretched hand.

Yes, through God's help, a new man. And while Johnny and Uncle Peter knelt, Grandpa's voice, as the sun went down, rose to God in tender supplication.

"ONLY."

From "only" one word many quarrels begin;
And "only this once" leads to many a sin.
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
"Only once more," and the diver is drowned;
"Only one drop" many drunkards has made;
"Only a play," many gamblers have said;
"Only a cold" opens many a grave;
"Only resist" many evils will save.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!" So God sits in heaven, — not for a favored few, but for all his children; and there is no human being so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father thou art mine!" — *Selected.*

A familiar knowledge of the Bible as it is, is more useful to plain, common people than the study of critical questions. If we wish critical explanations of difficult passages, we should first learn what it is that needs to be explained. Common-sense is one of the best commentaries, and should be often consulted.

IMMORTALITY.

AN EASTER EXERCISE IN THE FORM OF AN ACROSTIC.

BY V. J. W.

To be recited by eleven children, each holding the initial letter of his verse. The letters should be four or five inches high.

I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly.

My kingdom is not of this world.

My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name!

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

This is life eternal, — to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

History and Biography.

JOAN OF ARC.

BY E. B. S.

EANNE d'Arc — or, as she is called in English, Joan of Arc — was born Jan. 16, 1412, at Domremy, a little village in France on the left bank of the Meuse. Her parents were simple peasants, who brought up their children to work hard, fear God, and honor the saints. In her childhood her favorite resort was a great beech-tree, called the "Fairies' Tree." On festival days the young villagers danced around this tree, and rested under its boughs to eat certain cakes which their mothers made for them. Joan brought her garlands and cakes, and danced with the rest; but as she grew older she would steal away and take her flowers to the chapel of Our Lady of Domrèmy. She spent most of her time at her mother's side learning to sew and spin, to repeat the "Belief" the "Ave Maria," and the legends of the saints. Her companions were inclined to jest at her devotions, and even her best friends half-scolded her for being, as they said, over religious. She nursed the sick, was gentle to the young and weak, obedient to her parents, and kind to all.

There was an old prophecy of Merlin, that "the kingdom lost by a woman was to be saved by a woman." Now, the kingdom of France had been lost by the wicked Queen Isabelle. Who should save it? Joan brooded night and day on the sorrows of her country. One summer morning when she was about thirteen years old, Joan was walking in her father's garden, when she saw a great light and heard a voice saying, "Joan be a good child; go often to church." She was frightened at first; but day after day she continued to hear the voice, and saints would appear unto her, till she was afraid no longer, but trusted in the appearances, and called them her "Voices."

One day the Voices said: "Go to Vaucouleurs, to Robert de Baudricourt the governor. He will give you men-at-arms, and send you to the King."

"Alas!" Joan pleaded, "I am a poor girl; I know neither how to ride nor how to fight."

She had a short hard struggle with her weaknesses; but the Voices did not change, and she made her way to the King. This was in 1429, when Joan was seventeen years old. The journey was made with difficulty even after she had adopted the dress of a soldier, which she wore from this time.

On being brought into the King's presence she said: "Gentle Dauphin, my name is Jeanne la Pucelle. I come from the King of Heaven to tell you that you are the lawful heir of France, and that I am to deliver Orleans, and then take you to Reims to be crowned King of France."

Being accepted by the King, Joan raised the siege of Orleans. A suit of beautiful armor was made for her. She was provided with a banner after her own device, — of white stuff embroidered with lilies; on one side of it a picture of God enthroned on clouds holding a globe in his hand; on the other, the shield of France supported by two angels. Her Voices had told her that the only sword she might use was buried behind the altar in the church of St. Catherine Fierbois. It was procured for her, but she never injured any one with it. She loved her sword, she said, but she loved her standard forty times more.

Joan dictated a letter to the King of England, telling him to depart from the French territory or she would slay his troops. Many insulting things were done to her, but in a single week God and the Maid had delivered Orleans from the hands of the English. By her courage and perseverance Reims was taken, and on July 17, 1429, the King was crowned there. When the ceremony was over, Joan knelt at the feet of her King and said: "Gracious King, now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, whose will it was that you should come to Reims to receive your worthy coronation, showing that you are the true ruler to whom the kingdom should belong." She felt that her work was done when the King was crowned.

Until this time all she undertook had succeeded. Now her efforts sometimes failed. At last she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians and tried for heresy and sorcery; but on that ground they could prove nothing against her. They asked her if she would submit to the decision of the Church as to whether her Voices had advised her rightly or not. She answered that the will of God must be obeyed before that of the Church.

May 24, 1431, the Burgundians erected two scaffolds, placed her on one with the executioner and priest, and the cardinals and bishops on the other. Frightened by the threat of immediate death by fire if she did not submit to the Church, she signed a short form of abjuration, and went back to her cell wearing her woman's clothes. A suit of men's clothes was placed within her reach; and for wearing these garments she was condemned to be burned at the stake.

Even to the last moment Joan thought of others; for when she was on the scaffold, seeing the fire applied to the pile on which she was placed, she begged the priest who was at her side to go down. Her last words were "Jesus! Jesus!"

If we wished to express the character of Joan of Arc in a single line, it could not be done better than by calling her in the words of an American poet, —

"The whitest lily on the shield of France."

Note. — On page 109 the reader will find a beautiful picture of Joan sitting on the high scaffold, tied to the stake and awaiting her terrible martyrdom by fire. The following description of her personal appearance is taken from a recent biography of the Maid of Orleans by Dr. Hirzel: "She had a well-proportioned figure, above the usual height. Her face was oval, the forehead neither low nor high. Her large eyes, of a clear brown, had an expression of melancholy (rather of passionate earnestness to judge from the picture) which gave them an extraordinary charm. Her complexion was clear white, her hair dark chesnut, flowing in masses over her very white neck. Her face expressed candor, innocence, and a slight sadness."

Our Letter-Box.

We would acknowledge a letter from W. N. S. containing, besides the puzzles given below, correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 10. We give our readers to-day a Letter-Box full of puzzles. Has no one guessed the enigma on the New England poet?

ACROSTIC II.

1. The city to which "a certain man" was going when he fell among thieves.
2. A mountain of Palestine.
3. The sea the Israelites crossed on their way to the Land of Canaan.
4. The country of Job.
5. The pool to which Jesus sent the blind man to wash when he restored his sight.
6. A famous Grecian city in which Paul preached.
7. A town of Lycaonia whose citizens first wished to give Paul and Barnabas divine honors, and then stoned them.
8. The land into which Joseph was sold.
9. The home of Mary Magdadene.

Answer: The holy city of the Jews.

ACROSTIC III.

1. The apostle elected to fill the place of the traitor Judas.
2. A prophet of old whom some of the Jews took Jesus to be.
3. The mother of two of the disciples.
4. A bird frequently mentioned in the four Gospels.
5. A name sometimes given to Jesus.
6. A Jewish prophetess who was at Jerusalem at the time of Jesus' presentation at the Temple.
7. He who sought to kill Jesus in his infancy.

Answer: He whom the Jews still look for, though they slew him eighteen hundred years ago.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLES.

I.

1. A consonant.
2. Skill.
3. Very delicate.
4. A metal.
5. A consonant.

W. N. S.

II.

1. A consonant.
2. An island in the Grecian Archipelago on which Saint Paul spent a night during his third missionary journey.
3. A kind of lily.
4. A famous giant who was slain by a young Israelitish shepherd.
5. Something generally used in schools.
6. A divinity of the Greeks who was believed to avenge evil deeds; also, the past participle of a verb.
7. A letter.

* * *

CHARADE III.

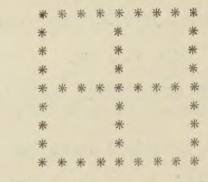
My first, angry.
My second, a letter.
My third, something that will burn, giving light and heat.
My fourth, a vehicle.
My whole, an island in the Indian Ocean.

W. N. S.

CHARADE IV.

Between two mountains see my *first*,
A place oft wild and bleak;
Yet if you would my *first* and *second*
That rugged place you 'll seek.
My *whole* a Jewish feast you' ll find,
Which brought God's mercy fresh to mind.

CROSS AND SQUARE, No 2.



Square. — *Upper line:* A town in Syria that all Christians are glad to visit. *Left line:* The mother of Solomon. *Lower line:* A king of ancient times who ruled all the known world. *Right line:* A flower that blooms in the early spring; also, a ship that has an important place in the history of our country.

Cross. — *Horizontal:* Full of grief. *Perpendicular, reading upwards:* Delighting the taste or smell, delicious.

ANAGRAM.

Tufri ni het gnornim si dolgen, ta nono lervis, ta hintg deal.

E. R. M., 9 years old.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

41. What were the three great feasts celebrated by the Jews?
42. At what time of the year were they celebrated?
43. Where were they to be celebrated?
44. Who took part in the celebration?
45. What features of their celebration were common to all three?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 12.

New Testament Enigma. Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

Enigma XI. A stitch in time saves nine.

Enigma XII. Speech is silver, silence is golden.

SQUARE WORDS.

I.	II.
L A M B	P A U L
A R E A	A M Z I
M E A L	U Z A L
B A L M	L I L Y

A CORRECTION.

By mistake, Acrostic I. in No. 13 of our paper was printed without the answer. Perhaps some of our bright young readers have already supplied what was missing, Here it is: —

Answer: A famous strong man of Bible history.

For Youngest Readers.

JIM.

BY HELEN S. THURSTON.

We have a pretty little Maltese cat, named Jim. Her full Christian name is Jemima, shortened to Jim for the purpose of quick calling. Jim's education has been rigidly attended to, and she understands a good deal that is said to her. If she *wishes*, she will come into the house when we call "Jim! Jim!" But often, when we have called ourselves tired at Jim's bedtime and no Jim appears, we have only to shout, "Meat, Jim, meat!" and a small cat almost instantly dashes in at the door. We never disappoint Jim on the meat question; and as she is very fond of it, we can get her at any time by asking, "Do you want some meat, Jim?" She knows that sharpening the carving-knife means meat to be cut; and that simple operation will often call her from a sound sleep upstairs. Jim also knows what fish, milk, and catnip mean. Sometimes we say, "Want some catnip, Jim?" and puss answers in the affirmative by jumping into a chair by the side of the door of the closet in which the catnip is kept; and if we neglect for a time to ask that important question, Jim reminds us of the herb by sitting and mewing at the closet-door till we supply the demand.

We have two Canary birds; and when Jim first came to us, a small kitten, she looked upon the birds as legitimate prey. She would sit under the cages and "chatter" her teeth at them in a most alarming way, and she was not above climbing upon bureaus and tables and stretching her small body up the side of the wall towards the birds, — the paper bearing tokens of her inward excitement in long claw-scratches. Every time we heard a cat jumping above stairs, we jumped too; and if we caught the cat, we whipped her severely. Now, if there is one thing above another that Jim hates, it is a whipping. She dislikes it even more than she does children; for if we have children visit us, Jim seeks the seclusion that the attic affords, and stays there all day long without food rather than come where the children are. Strange, is n't it, that an educated pussy should act so? I wonder if once one happened to pull her tail!

Well, one day I heard Jim at the birds, and I crept up the back stairs very softly, so she should not hear me and run; but cats' ears are keen, and I heard soft but swift feet scurrying down the front stairs. I ran after as fast as I could, only to find Mistress Puss curled up in her rocking-chair in the sitting-room, *evidently* fast asleep. But, alas! the chair was rocking from puss having jumped upon it so violently. It was very funny, though, and so sharp in Jim that I let it pass that time, and did not whip her. Puss was quick to learn; and now we can leave her fast asleep directly under the bird-cages all the forenoon, and she won't even as much as wink at the birds. I have put the cages down on the floor at Jim's side; but she remembers the whippings and refuses to notice those precious canaries, though she will sit upon the window-sill directly under them and "chatter" her teeth at any bird she may see in the yard. We think Jim a remarkably smart pussy-cat, and she knows ever so many things I have n't time to tell about now, because I have to go to get her some meat.

JOAN OF ARC.

See page 107.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

OUR CHIPMONK.

BY K. HAGAR.

The two boys sit on the ground side by side, a brown hand and a whiter one covered with freckles stretched out just touching each other, and each with three walnuts flat in the palm, waiting for the shy little chipmonk. There he comes! Will Charley's handful tempt him, or will he take Henry's? The boys do not move, they hardly seem to breathe; everything is still except the rustling of the leaves of the trees above, while we watch the timid little animal. On he comes; he takes one from Charley's hand, runs away a step, nibbles off the point, stows it away in his cheek-pouch, then runs back and gets his second one from Henry. The boys laugh; so our chipmonk does not as usual take three nuts before he runs to his hole, but is frightened away.

In the summer of 1886 we tamed this chipmonk so that he would come often and take nuts and seeds from our hands. The story seems hardly credible, but one day we counted seventeen watermelon seeds as he picked them up and stored them in his pouches. Some noise startled him, and he ran away. Presently he returned, and finding forty-nine more, crammed them one by one into his cheeks before he started for his hole. As the squirrel scampered away with his cheek-pouches stretching down to their utmost limit, Charley said, "I think he has the mumps very bad; in both cheeks, too!"

This chipmonk was only six inches long from his nose to his flat, furry tail, which was nearly four inches in length. He had a striped back, black along the spine, then on each side a broad reddish stripe, then another black stripe succeeded by a white one, and lastly a reddish-brown stripe. His throat and the under side of his body were white, his tail blackish above and red beneath, bordered with gray. He had large, bright eyes, with a little white above them; his ears were short and erect, rounded, and covered with very fine hair; his nose was covered with short hairs, and had a little black spot near the end; and he had short whiskers resembling a cat's, which gave him a wise look. His body was small and long, and his head small. His little fore feet had four toes, and his hind feet five; but they were all provided with long, hooked nails. He used his fore paws when he picked up a nut or a seed. I would often hold a nut tight in my hand, and lift him from the ground while he was trying to get it. He would jump down with it in his mouth. But no matter how much I teazed him, back he would come for another nut.

The boys told me that they sometimes helped this squirrel in his work of providing himself with food for the winter, by dropping the nuts down the hole in the ground which they saw him enter. He had two entrances; one was conspicuous enough, especially after Charley brought moss and bordered it with a green edge. If we had dug down, we should have found a cosey little nest, lined with fine grass, oval in shape, about twenty inches in length and two inches in height. From the opening on the surface of the ground to the nest there is a cylindrical passage, somewhat serpentine in its course, about twelve feet long. Besides this nest, there are two or three other nest-like cavities, where our lively little chipmonk stores his supply of nuts and seeds for the winter. I have read of a quart of corn being found in one of these magazines. They crack the nuts, and push the shells into one of the passages; and when they dig out their dwellings they must carry the dirt far away, for not a particle of it is ever found near the entrances. They take a long sleep during the coldest of the winter, coming out in the middle of a spring-like day; but if a cold storm appears, they resume their hibernating sleep, become lethargic, and appear torpid and lifeless again.

The boys thought another chipmonk used to come and steal the nuts and seeds which our chipmonk had stored, whenever he was absent from his underground home. At any rate, there was a most determined warfare between the two; and whenever this smaller squirrel appeared, ours would scold and chase him with great fury till they were both out of sight.

The chipmonk is sometimes called "ground squirrel," or "striped squirrel;" but from the funny little note he makes as he chatters and scolds, the word "chip" has been applied to him.

TWO BOYS IN A HORSE-CAR.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. F. D. CLARKE.

Tom stood at the window, flattening his nose against the panes, humming an air to himself, and feeling rather discontented and lonely.

"Pretty hard work, I tell you, to be sick, and stay in the house for a week! I'm tired of everything! Tired of my carpenter's bench and tools; tired of my scrap-book, my books; tired of trying to dress up Fido and teach him to sit up in the corner, holding a stick for a musket, as the dog did at the circus. Stupid thing! he has n't got sense enough to learn anything; at any rate, I have n't got patience enough now to teach him anything. He has more though than I have, for he looked a little bit discouraged this morning, as if he did n't quite understand what I wanted him to do. Well, perhaps I 'll try again to-morrow. He's a good enough dog after all. Anyway, I won't beat him again. It is n't his fault, I suppose, that he does n't understand right off what I am trying to make him do."

Thus Tom thought to himself, when seeing his sister coming down the street he left the window, ran to the stairs, took a slide down the banisters, hid behind the door, and was ready to shout "Boo!" at her when she opened it.

"Hullo! sister Fan, been down town? Did you walk, or go in the cars? What did you see? Come, tell us something, or anything! Oh, dear, I wish I could go to school to-morrow! Should n't you think mamma would let me, if I was very, very careful, and did n't jump into any snow-banks, and kept my mittens on when I snow-balled the fellers?"

"Well, perhaps so, you poor child," said his sister. "It is pretty hard for boys to stay quietly in the house for so long a time, is n't it? Let me see; you come up into my room, while I take off my cloak and bonnet, and I will try to think whether I saw anything that would amuse you, when I was out. Why, yes: in the cars, on the way home, I did see two little boys, in whom I was greatly interested, and I will tell you just what they did; and then when I get through with the story, you shall tell me what you think about it, and if you had been in their place what you think you would have done."

"All right, sister Fan, go ahead!" said Tom. "I 'll sit side of you here, on the cricket, while you are warming yourself and talking to me. Wait a minute, till I call Fido, — I guess he 'd like to hear about the boys too. Now I 'm ready."

Sister Fan sat down in the soft easy-chair, Tom on the cricket by her side, and Fido, quite pleased to be invited to join them, dropped down on the floor, looking up into their faces and wagging his tail to show his pleasure.

"I came home in the horse-car, as I told you," began sister Fan. "It was very crowded, so that many persons were obliged to stand. In front of me were two little boys; one was smaller than the other, poorly-dressed, but a happy, jolly appearing little fellow, looking as if he took what fun he could get out of everything, and was brim-full of life and kindly feeling.

"The other was a taller boy, perhaps a year or two older, well-dressed in a warm overcoat, which was unfastened and thrown open, disclosing beneath it a nice coat with brass buttons, showing him to be a telegraph boy. Very dignified this boy was. He turned neither to the right nor the left; but still I could see that he noticed all that was going on about him.

"The smaller boy, ever on the alert, was very much interested in every one who got on to the car, and peered after those who left it; counted the fares as they were recorded, as if he meant to be able to be the conductor of a car himself some day. Once in a while some funny little thing would happen, when he would look around at the bigger boy, as if for the sympathy of a smile from him; as if aching to talk to him in a friendly, hail-fellow-well-met manner. But not a smile would the big boy give him.

"Soon the little fellow began to fumble about in his various pockets, and from one and another to bring out peanuts, which he would crack with a loud noise and eat with great relish. Then, out of the kindness of his heart (I could have hugged him, shabby as he was!), this dear little boy, not minding the many rebuffs he had received, would every once in a while put his hand behind him with peanuts for the big boy, who, instead of taking no notice of them as I expected, would slyly take them every time, eat them in a very quiet, proper manner, glancing uneasily from one side of the car to the other, to see whether any one saw him take them, and watching every movement of the small boy to be ready, should he hold out more of the enticing nuts. Not a smile would he give the boy, not even a 'thank you,' but ever ready and waiting for the little hand thrust out so willingly, so generously.

"Why, Tom! I could hardly keep from speaking to the clean, well-cared-for looking boy, and asking him if he were not ashamed to take the nuts from the boy, when he would not speak to him, even to thank him for them. By-and-by the little boy left the car, turning round to say good-by as he did so; but even then not a glance did he get; not a word in return!

"Now, Tom, I am going downstairs for a while, and when I come back you can tell me what you think about the two boys, and what you would have done had you been in the big boy's place."

As it takes a diamond to cut a diamond, so there are faults so obstinate that they are worn away only by life-long contact with similar faults in those we love.

BETTER THAN SIGHT.

A LESSON FROM AN OLD NORSE MYTH.

BY CHARITY DYE.

A LITTLE girl stood at her window on a still bright day and watched a blind man grope his way along the street. Turning to her mother she said, "It is just like night to him is n't it? I am so glad I can see; what is better than sight?"

"There have been those," said her mother, "who thought there was something better than sight. Stories of them have come down to us from long ago. You remember how Midas loved gold until even his spectacles were turned into the shining yellow metal, and he could no longer see until the charm was removed.

"But there was one who gave away his right eye for something better than gold. He was called the 'All-wise,' the 'All Father,' 'Odin.' Our ancestors worshipped him as their God. He seems very near to us, very like our own highest idea of a hero.

"Sitting on his great throne in Asgard (heaven), he looked out over the world and longed so much to know more and to see deeper into the heart of all things that he journeyed forth from Asgard to the homes of men, taking on their form, and working with and for them as one of them; only he had more strength and courage than they had, and could always fill them with hope when they were cast down.

"Away beyond the home of men near by, and watering one of the three roots of the Tree of Life, stood a deep, deep, well, — the well of wisdom, which was guarded by Mimer (memory). When Odin, having left the home of men and journeyed far and long, came to this well, he asked Mimer for a draught of its water. Mimer told him that he would have to pay a great price, and that many who came to this well went away without tasting its water when they learned its great cost. Odin said he would pay any price, and so Mimer let him take a long draught, and when he had finished Mimer demanded his right eye. Odin plucked it out cheerfully, and thought it a small price to pay for wisdom which had already begun to give him an inward sight into the meaning of things. Odin, it is said, then went to the very verge of the world, and lay down on the icy cliffs and looked over their edge down into the depth of the deep abyss, and pondered for nine long days and nights.

"He rose wiser than when he lay down, and after having consulted the ancient prophetess, he sat again on his throne in Asgard, knowing all the things that were to be.

"To-day, as in the time of Odin of old, wisdom is far beneath the surface of things, and he who would slake his thirst at her well must love wisdom better than sight.

"Midas and Odin, — think on these two. One using his sight only to view his earthly possessions; the other giving it to know the soul of things, and to possess spiritual riches which are 'better than sight.'"

THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

A Sunday-School Exercise for Younger Pupils.

BY A TEACHER.

Question. You have read the story of Joseph, and liked it very much. Can you tell me about it? What was the name of Joseph's father?

Answer. His name was Jacob.

Ques. How many sons did Jacob have?

Ans. He had twelve sons.

Ques. How did Jacob feel toward Joseph?

Ans. He showed more love to him than to the others.

Ques. Why was this?

Ans. Joseph was younger than the others. Perhaps also he was kinder to his father.

Ques. How did this make the brothers feel?

Ans. They were jealous, and hated their young brother.

Ques. What did Joseph do that increased this hatred?

Ans. He had many strange dreams in which he made himself out better than his brothers.

Ques. Can you tell me one?

Ans. Joseph dreamed that they were all binding sheaves in the field. His sheaf stood up and all the rest bowed to it.

Ques. What did that mean?

Ans. It meant that he would one day rule over his brothers.

Ques. One day when the brothers were caring for their flocks far away from home they saw Joseph approaching with food for them. What did they say?

Ans. "Behold, this dreamer cometh."

Ques. What did they plan to do?

Ans. They planned to kill him.

Ques. One of the brothers was away, and another brother said, "Let us wait until he comes." What did they meanwhile do to Joseph?

Ans. They put him into a pit, and sat down to eat the food he had brought.

Ques. What happened while they were eating?

Ans. A band of travelling merchants came along, and his brothers sold Joseph to them.

Ques. What else did they do?

Ans. They took his coat of many colors, tore it, and dipped it into a kid's blood.

Ques. What did they do next?

Ans. They took the coat to his father and said, "An evil beast hath devoured him."

Ques. How did this affect Jacob?

Ans. He wanted to die because he had lost his darling son.

Ques. What happened to Joseph?

Ans. He was taken to Egypt and sold to Potiphar, captain of the king's guard.

Ques. What were Joseph's duties?

Ans. He looked after his master's house.

Ques. What new misfortune befell Joseph?

Ans. He was thrown into prison, being falsely accused of a crime.

Ques. What happened in prison?

Ans. Several of the prisoners had strange dreams, and Joseph told what they meant.

Ques. After some time the king had strange dreams which no one could explain. What did he do?

Ans. He sent for Joseph to come and interpret his dreams.

Ques. What was one of these dreams?

Ans. He dreamed that he saw seven good ears of corn and seven bad ears, and that the good ears were eaten by the bad ears.

Ques. What did that mean?

Ans. The seven good ears meant seven years of plenty; the seven bad ears, seven years of famine.

Ques. What did Joseph advise the king to do?

Ans. He advised him to build great storehouses and save the corn, so that they might have enough when the famine came.

Ques. Did Joseph predict truly?

Ans. Yes. After the seven years of plenty the terrible famine came. It extended into all the lands about, and many people came to Egypt to buy corn.

Ques. Who came among them?

Ans. Joseph's brethren.

Ques. Did he know them?

Ans. Yes, and asked them all about their father and home.

Ques. Did they know him?

Ans. No, they did not. Joseph was now governor of Egypt; and they never dreamed that the governor was their brother.

Ques. What did Joseph make them promise?

Ans. They promised that when they came again they would bring their little brother Benjamin with them.

Ques. Did they come again?

Ans. Yes, they came, bringing Benjamin with them.

Ques. What did Joseph do?

Ans. He gave them a great feast, and filled their sacks with corn.

Ques. After they had started the next day, why were they called back?

Ans. The governor accused them of stealing his beautiful silver cup.

Ques. Where was the cup found?

Ans. In Benjamin's sack.

Ques. Had it been stolen?

Ans. It had been put there by Joseph's order, so that he might have some excuse for bringing the brothers back.

Ques. What did the brothers say?

Ans. They declared that they did not know how it came there.

Ques. What did they beg of Joseph?

Ans. They told him that their father would die if he lost his darling Benjamin; and they offered to remain as his slaves if he would let Benjamin go.

Ques. What did Joseph do?

Ans. He sent everybody away but his brothers. Then he cried, "I am Joseph! is my father yet alive?"

Ques. How did the brothers feel?

Ans. They were afraid, but Joseph quieted their fears and forgave them.

Ques. What else did he do?

Ans. He sent for his father and all his family to come to Egypt to live with him.

Ques. What does the story of Joseph teach?

Ans. It teaches the great lesson of forgiveness of injuries.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Are boys, or girls, more likely to help class-lessons by pertinent conversation and hinder by remarks that are impertinent?

This question puzzles us. Is helpfulness or is impertinence more a mark of one sex than of the other? We should be almost as ready to ask: Are boys, or girls, more likely to have red hair or blue eyes? We have known both boys and girls whose thoughtful remarks on the subject of the lesson helped the teacher, and we have known both girls and boys whose irrelevant and even impertinent talk spoiled the whole lesson for the rest of the class; but we have never taken count of the comparative number of boys and girls of either sort. What is our correspondent's own opinion?

How can we preserve or create reverence for the Bible?

By treating it with the reverence that is due to a collection of books in which so much of the "Word of God" is contained. Show that the heavenly treasure is given us in earthen vessels; but be careful not to hide the divineness of the treasure in a cloud of criticisms and speculations concerning the earthiness of the vessels. Be so filled with the spirit which was in the lives of those whom the Bible honors that your pupils will come to revere the things that by their own worth, "by their own silent flavors of sweetness and joy," constrain the reverence of each earnest and docile learner.

Should Sunday-school pupils have home lessons to learn?

This question really means, Should Sunday-school lessons be studied at all? For in the nature of the case no lessons can be studied at the Sunday-school session. A subject may be "gone over" and some acquaintance with it be gained by the pupils without previous study, but no pupil can receive the help which the Sunday-school should give without learning the lesson at home. The plea that children have no time for this study is only a concession to religious indifference and intellectual laziness.

Of what age of pupils are mixed classes of boys and girls desirable?

We think that as a rule where "co-education" is adopted in Sunday-schools it should be confined to the primary department and the older classes. Intermediate pupils do better when the boys and girls are in separate classes.

Should schools or classes recite together Scripture passages and verses of hymns?

Yes, by all means; let every Sunday-school try to store the minds of its pupils with Bible "classics" and choice hymns. The best way to do this is to assign a passage or a hymn to be committed to memory, and then have it recited by the whole school led by the Superintendent. By wisely arranging this work, a school can easily memorize and recite many of these passages and hymns in the Sunday-school year, without neglecting the regular class-lessons. The frequent repetition, and occasional use in devotional exercises, of what has thus been learned, will give fresh interest to the school sessions.

To aid in this kind of general exercise, the Sunday-School Society is issuing cheap "Leaflets for Learners." No. I., now ready, contains the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, four selections from the Psalms, as many more from the Sermon on the Mount, and four good hymns.

MISSIONARY WORK FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. ANOTHER WORD.

In the last number of Every Other Sunday we spoke of the missionary work done by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society as an object worthy of being aided by contributions from our Sunday-schools. It should be distinctly understood that the Sunday-School Society looks to the *parishes*, and not to the Sunday-schools, for contributions to enable it to do its general work. But the Sunday-schools might easily supplement these anuual donations from the churches, and by adding to the treasury of the Society help it to extend still more widely its missionary activities.

It may interest some of our readers to know a little of the details of this branch of the Sunday-School Society's labors. There is hardly a Sunday-school connected with the new churches that have of late been organized in New England which we have not aided. Manuals, lesson-helps, library books, reference books, etc., have been donated to Milbury, Whitman (formerly South Abington), Beachmont, Winthrop, Longwood, Rockland, Montague, and Pittsfield, Mass; and Bath, N. H. The schools at Windsor, Vt., and at Pembroke, Carlisle, and Lowell (the Free Chapel), Mass., have also received donations. Outside of New England our gifts have gone to Highlands, N. C.; Parker, Colorado; Port Royal, S. C.; Hobart, Ind.; Springfield, Ill.; Fort Scott, Texas; Sherwood, Mich.; Tacoma, W. T.; Halifax, N. S.; Union City, Pa.; Dundee, Scotland; and the ship's library of the United States Steamer "Omaha." This list is not inclusive of many small donations sent to individuals for Sunday-school mission work in the South and West; nor does it include the six or seven hundred dollars' worth of Every Other Sundays which we give away every year.

We are happy to acknowledge contributions to our treasury from the following Sunday-schools since January, 1886: —

Harrison Square; Neponset; Springfield; Hopedale (two classes of girls sent $10.00); Hudson; Ayer; South Boston; Athol, Second Society; East Boston; Hyde Park; Greenfield; Montreal; Louisville, Ky.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Brockton; Cambridgeport; Weston; Fairhaven; Needham; Warren Street Chapel, Boston; Buffalo; Chelsea; Providence, R. I., Olney Street; Melrose; Woburn; Quincy (a generous donation of $50.00 in addition to the regular contribution from the parish); Roxbury, Mt. Pleasant; Turner's Falls; Montpelier, Vt.; Framingham; Waverly; and Tyngsboro'.

For the Unitarian Sunday-School Society;

Henry G. Spaulding,
General Secretary.

Our Book Table.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Silver Rags. By Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 224. Price $1.00.

This book relates the doings of some cousins at Uncle Will's country home. An interesting part of the story is founded on a secret passage and room belonging to the old-fashioned house. The many good times the cousins had, and the many stories told by Uncle Will make the book very enjoyable. We commend it to those who are seeking a real *story book* for children.

E. B. S.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

Habit in Education. From the German of Dr. Paul Radestock. With an Introduction by G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. pp. 117. Price 60 cents.

Messrs. Heath & Co. are publishing valuable books for teachers. Their series includes works on the art, as well as the science, of education. Dr. Radestock's little book on Habit is one of the most suggestive. It would do any intelligent Sunday-school teacher good to study this branch of psychology under so competent a guide. Much well-meant instruction misses its mark because the teacher fails to understand the laws of mind, on a knowledge of which success in teaching largely depends. Books like Dr. Radestock's should be in the Reference Library of every Sunday-school.

Dr. Channing's Note-Book. Passages from the unpublished manuscripts of William Ellery Channing. Selected by his granddaughter Grace Ellery Channing. Boston: 1887, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 110. Price $1.00.

These notes consist of "Golden Sayings" on a great variety of topics. What Dr. Channing so tersely but lucidly says on such subjects as freedom, society, self-culture, influence, progress, character, friendship, duty, faith, truth, education, the soul and God, should be read and pondered by thinking people. His great thoughts are often like shining lamps, and their light falls on the path of our daily life, giving warmth, cheer, and safe guidance.

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The price of these Services is 5 cents a single copy. 25 copies, $1.00; 100 copies, $3.50.

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1. **A Handsome Colored Map of Palestine** before the Captivity. Mounted on card-board. For class use. Price 10 cents.
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